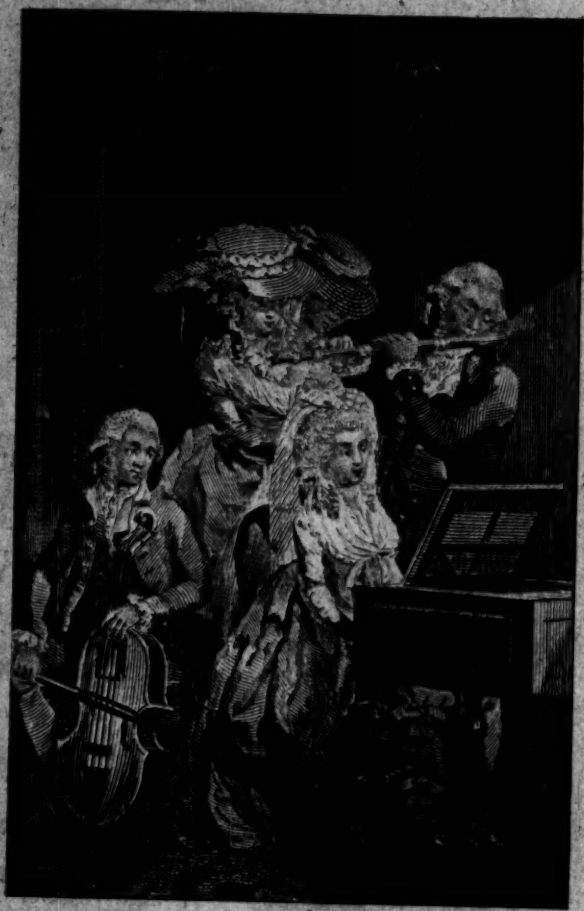
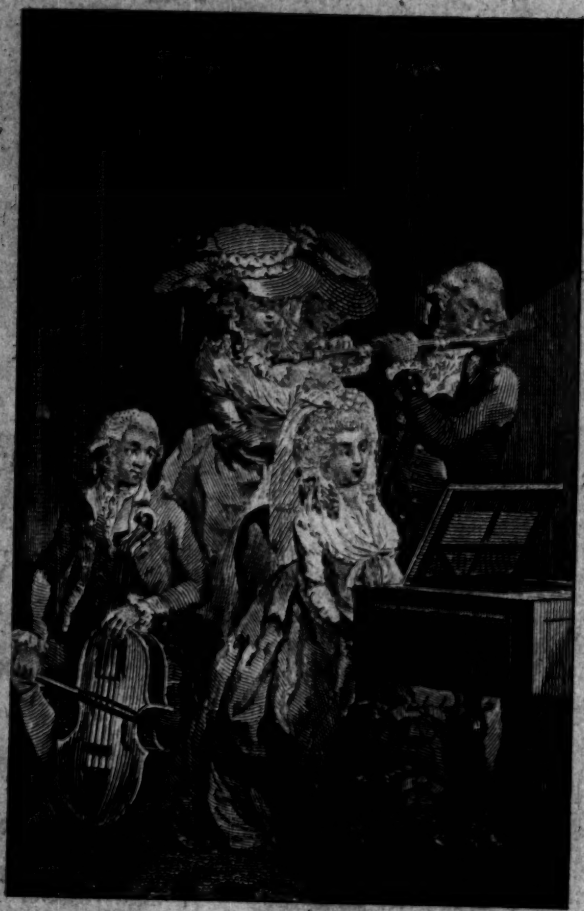




A Genteel Musical Party.



A Genteel Musical Party.

THE
PLEASING SONGSTER;
OR, *K*
Festive Companion:

CONTAINING
A CHOICE AND APPROVED COLLECTION OF
S O N G S,
That are now held in ESTEEM;
The Whole calculated for the Entertainment of
the Social Mind,
Containing the *Newest* and most *Agreeable Collection*
ever presented to the Public.

*With this Book and a chearful Glass,
The merry Moments we will pass.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. LANE, *Leadenhall-Street.*

M DCCLXXXVII.



THE
PLEASING SONGSTER;

O R,

Festive Companion.

S O N G.

FOR AN AMAZON.

SWAINS I scorn, who, nice and fair,
Shiver at the morning air;
Rough and hardy, bold and free,
Be the man that's made for me.

Slaves to fashion, slaves to dress,
Fops themselves alone carefs;
Let them without rival be;
They are not the men for me.

He whose nervous arm can dart,
The javelin to the tyger's heart;
From all sense of danger free,
He's the man that's made for me.

B 2

While

While his speed outstrips the wind,
 Lovely waves his locks behind;
 From fantastic foppery free,
 He's the man that's made for me.

Nor simpering smile, nor dimple sleek
 Spoil his manly sun-burnt cheek;
 By weather let him painted be;
 He's the man that's made for me.

If false he prove, my javelin can
 Revenge the perjury of man;
 And soon another brave as he,
 Shall be found the man for me.

S O N G.

THE INCONSTANT.

TO fix her—'twere a task as vain
 To count the April drops of rain;
 To sow in Afric's barren soil,
 Or tempests hold within a tile.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
 False as the fowler's artful snare;
 Inconstant as the passing wind,
 As winter's dreary frost unkind.

She's such a miser too in love,
 Its joys she'll neither share nor prove,
 Though hundreds of gallants await,
 From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
 I sometimes strive to break her chain;
 My reason summon to my aid,
 Resolv'd no more to be betray'd.

Ah! friend, tis but a short liv'd trance,
 Dispell'd by one enchanting glance;
 She need but look and I confess,
 Those looks completely curse or bless.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
 Sure something more than human's there;
 I must submit, for strife is vain,
 'Twas destiny that forg'd the chain.

S O N G.

BLITHE JOCKEY.

MY Jockey is the blithest lad
 That e'er young maid did woo;
 When he appears my heart is glad,
 For he is kind and true:
 He talks of love whene'er we meet,
 His words in rapture flow;
 Then tunes his pipe, and sings so sweet,
 I have not pow'r to go.

All other lasses he forsakes,
 And flies to me alone;
 At ev'ry fair, or other wakes,
 I heard the maidens moan:

He buys me toys and sweetmeats too,
 And ribbands for my hair;
 What swain was ever half so true,
 Or half so kind and fair?

Wher'er I go, I nothing fear,
 If Jockey is but by;
 For I alone am all his care,
 Whenever danger's nigh:
 He vows to wed next Whitfunday,
 And make me blest for life;
 Can I refuse, ye maidens, say,
 To be young Jockey's wife?

S O N G.

WHILE Jockey told his tale of love,
 Emraptur'd kneeling by me,
 He swore fra thence he'd ne'er remove,
 But grow a statue nigh me:
 In pleasing lees my fame he sings,
 Nay vows, on his salvation,
 My worth aboon a' earthly things,
 Was equal'd by his passion.

Oh! how the lad beguil'd the hours,
 While gay in beauty's blossom;
 His face surpassing finest flowers,
 Reclin'd on Bella's bosom:

While

While thoughtless I, devoid of art,
 Believ'd I weel had chosen;
 And to the loon inclin'd my heart,
 He left me for a dozen.

Oh! then the tear bedew'd my een,
 Tumultuous passions striving,
 Within my breast o'er-set me clean,
 My heart with anguish riving:
 Till gentler Jamie saw me grieve,
 Ere fleeting life was over,
 He bad me smile, look up, and live,
 To bless a kinder lover.

While noblest worth adorns the whole
 Deportment o' bright Jamie,
 The coward lurks in Jockey's Faul,
 How could he else betray me?
 While lofty brags hing on his tongue,
 His honour frail as glass is;
 Wha dare with most unmanly wrong,
 Misuse unthinking lasses.

But cheer'd by Jamie's healing voice,
 My reins with rapture swell-a;
 Let seas and earth, and heav'n rejoice
 When Jamie calls on Bella:
 Then think what pleasure wad it be,
 On high to meet my Daddy;
 With equal transport, mun I flee
 To wad the lively laddie.

S O N G.

Sung in Harvest Home.

GA Y as the lark, that's early soaring,
Views from on high the glittering streams;
And while his oraisons are pouring,
Basks in Phœbus' chearing beams.

I knew, at morning, nought but pleasure;
Noon never came to see me grieve;
Nor did delight, far beyond measure,
E'er fail to greet my steps at eve.

S O N G.

Sung in Harvest Home.

WHEN on Cleora's form I gaze,
Surveying that exhaustless store;
Till then unnotic'd charms I praise,
And those till then prais'd I adore:
And while I look with fond surprise,
And catch soft madness from my fair;
I wish for Argus' hundred eyes,
And wish to gaze for ever there.

But

But when Cleora's voice I hear,
 And when she strikes the trembling strings;
 I wish each eye was made an ear,
 To list with angels while she sings!
 Thus, while in rapture they rejoice,
 My senses still their empire own;
 And, touch her, see her, hear her voice,
 All, all confirm me her's alone.

S O N G.

Sung in Harvest-Home.

THE sultry noon cries—while they last,
 Seize on pleasures, take repast,
 Fortune's fickle,
 And fate's fickle
 May surprise us in our prime!
 Death's the Harvest-Home of time.

Fair ones, bless'd with charms and truth,
 Reap the profit in your youth:
 In that season,
 Follow reason,
 And of pleasure take your part,
 Love's the Harvest of the Heart.

Young men, who all in woman find,
 That's good, and beautiful, and kind,
 Never grieve 'em,
 Vex, or leave 'em,
 But treat 'em gently, nobly, kind!
 Truth's the Harvest of the Mind.

S O N G.

Sung in Harvest-Home.

WHEN Goody plays the devil, or so
In midst of scolding, strife, and tears,
Off to the ale-house straight I go,
To drink my pint, and save my ears.

There, for the tuneful nightingale,
Do I exchange the screech-owl's note;
For, as I drink the sparkling ale,
It jug, jug, jug, goes down my throat.

S O N G.

Sung in Harvest Home.

AWAY pale fear, and ghastly terror;
Fly, at a parent's voice, away!
Correcting every youthful error,
She deigns to bid, and I obey.

And, oh! my heart, thou murmurest treason,
Perturb'd, and frighten'd, thus to move:
This sacrifice I make to reason,
Lie still, poor flutterer, and approve!

SONG.

S O N G

SCHOOL OF LOVE,

Sung in Harvest-Home.

THE first word I lisp'd, I'm told, was love,
Hey down, derry derry,
Ho down, derry derry,
Let's be merry,
In the hawthorn grove ;
For there, in the bushes,
The blackbirds and thrushes,
Teach you, if you're not a fool,
To study in love's charming school.

At five years I went in a barn to play,
High down, derry derry,
Ho down, derry derry,
Let's be merry
Among the hay :
For there Ralph and Dolly,
Bumpkin and Molly,
Taught me, or I'd been a fool,
To study in Love's charming school.

SONG.

S O N G.

DERMOT AND SHELAH.

AS Dermot toil'd one summer's day,
 Young Shelah, as she sat beside him,
 Fairly stole his pipe away,
 Oh, den to hear how she'd deride him!

Where, poor Dermot, is it gone,
 Your lily lily loodle?
 They've left you nothing but the drone,
 And that's yourself, you noodle!

Beam bum boodle, loodle, loodle,
 Beam bum boodle, loodle loo;
 Poor Dermot's pipe is lost and gone,
 And what will the poor Devil do.

Fait, now I am undone, and more,
 Cry'd Dermot—Ah! will you be easy?
 Did not you steal my heart before?
 Is it, you'd have a man run crazy.

I've nothing left me now to mean,
 My lily lily loodle,
 That us'd to cheer me so, is gone,
 Ah, Dermot, thou'rt a noodle!

Beam bum boodle, loodle, loodle,
 Beam bum boodle, loodle loo;
 My heart and pipe, and peace are gone,
 What next will cruel Shelah do?

Then

Then Shelah, hearing Dermot vex'd,
 Cry'd—Fait 'twas little Cupid mov'd me,
 You fool, to steal it, out of tricks,
 Only to see how much you lov'd me!

Come, cheer thee, Dermot, never moan,
 But take your lily loodle;
 And, for the heart of you that's gone,
 You shall have mine, you noodle!

Beam bum boodle, loodle, loodle;
 Beam bum boodle, loodle, loo;
 Shelah's to church with Dermot gone,
 And, for de rest, what's dat to you?

S O N G.

NARCISSA.

Sung in Inkle and Yarico.

FRESHLY now the breeze is flowing,
 As yon ship at anchor rides,
 Sullen waves incessant flowing,
 Rudely dash against the tides:
 So my heart its course impeded,
 Beats in my perturbed breast;
 Doubts like waves—by waves succeeded,
 Rise and still deny it rest.

SONG.

[14 .]

S O N G.

YARICO.

Sung in Inkle and Yarico.

WHEN the chace of the day is done,
And the shaggy Lion's skin,
Which for us our warriors win,
Decks our cell at set of sun :
Worn with toil, with sleep opprest,
I press my mossy bed and sink to rest.

Thence once more and see our train,
With all our chace renew'd again ;
Once more tis day,
Once more our prey,
Gnashes with angry teeth and foams in vain ;
Again in sullen haste he flies,
Ta'en in the toil, again he lies,
Again he roars and in my slumbers dies.

S O N G.

JEMMY LINKUM.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Inkle and Yarico.

A CLERK I was in London gay,
Jemmy linkum feedle ;
And went in boots to see the play,
Merry fiddlem tweedle :

I march'd the lobby, twirl'd my stick,
 Diddle daddle deedle ;
 The girl's all cried, "He's quite the kick,"
 Oh Jemmy linkum feedle.

Hoy, for America I sail,
 Yankee doodle deedle ;
 The sailor-boys cry'd "smoak his tail,"
 Jemmy linkum feedle :
 On English Belle's I turn'd my back,
 Diddle daddle deedle ;
 And got a foreign fair, quite black,
 Oh twiddle twaddle tweedle.

Your London girls, with roguish trip,
 Wheedle, wheedle, weedle ;
 Boast their pouting under lip,
 Fiddle faddle feedle ;
 My vows would beat a hundred such,
 Diddle daddle deedle ;
 Whose upper lip pouts twice as much
 Oh, pretty double wheedle.

Rings I'll buy to deck her toes,
 Jemmy linkum feedle ;
 A feather fine shall grace her nose,
 Waving fiddle feedle :
 With jealousy I ne'er shall burst,
 Who'd steal my bone of bone-a ?
 A white Othello I can trust,
 A dingy Desdemona.

SONG.

S O N G.

JOYS OF A WIFE.

Sung in Harvest-Home.

WOMEN, to bless the men design'd,
 Are always prudent, good, and kind ;
 Always fair, and always young,
 'Tis true—a woman has a tongue :
 But then the ill to counterpoise,
 It never makes the smallest noise,
 Raits, roars, or any scandal tells ;
 Or, with abuse, at random runs,
 Or wrangling,
 Jangling,
 The ear stuns,
 Ringing a peal like parish bells.

If maids, they all with patience wait,
 Nor envy aught the marriage state ;
 If wives, still faithful to his bed,
 They never wish the husband dead :
 If widows, they shed tears like rain,
 And ne'er were known to wed again ;
 For, first, in this, and all things else,
 Charming woman's never wrong ;
 Nor wrangling,
 Jangling,
 Wags her tongue,
 Ringing a peal like parish-bells.

SONG.

S O N G.

PLEASURES OF GENEROSITY.

Sung in Harvest-Home.

THOUGH I am humble, mean, and poor,
 Yet, faith, I am defarning;
 And one may see the sun-shine, sure,
 Without the help of larning:
 This little maxim, for my sake,
 I pray you, be believing;—
 The truest pleasures that we take,
 Are those that we are giving:

Is there a wretch, with all his pelf,
 So poor as a rich miser?
 Sure does not he defraud himself?
 No maxim can be wiser!
 He who is blest for his own sake,
 Faith, is himself deceiving—
 The truest pleasures that we take,
 Are those that we are giving.

S O N G.

Sung in Harvest-Home.

FREE from strife and love's alarms,
 With joyous heart, and mind at ease,
 Time was, when, with a thousand charms,
 Bacchus knew the way to please!

When

When, while the merry glee went round,
 Gaily I saw each moment pass;
 Nor ever had I heard a sound,
 Like the sweet tink'ling of the glass.

The flask now broke, and spilt the wine,
 For Cupid, Bacchus' joys I quit;
 The myrtle kills the blighted vine,
 And love, turn'd fate, cries out—Submit!

S O N G,

BILLY'S GONE TO SEA.

MY Billy is the sweetest lad,
 That ever plow'd the wat'ry main;
 But oh, my heart is now quite sad,
 Lest he shou'd ne'er return again.

My heart will break, so oft I weep,
 For my dear Bill I do adore;
 Fear he'll be buried in the deep,
 And I shall see his face no more.

Ah! cease thou winds, nor boisterous blow,
 Nor storms disturb the wat'ry main;
 But to my arms the youth bestow,
 And put an end to all my pains.

When

When Billy does return again,
 Then he shall never leave me more;
 I'll trust no more the treach'rous main,
 With my dear Billy I adore.

S O N G.

THE VOYAGE.

Sung in Inkle and Yarico.

A VOYAGE o'er the seas had ne'er enter'd my
 head,
 Had I known but on which side to butter my bread,
 Heigho, sure I for hunger must die:
 I've sail'd like a booby, come here in a squall,
 Where, alas! there's no bread to be butter'd at all:
 O ho, I'm a terrible booby,
 Oh what a sad booby am I.

In London what gay Chop-house signs in the street,
 But the only sign here is of nothing to eat;
 Heigho that I for hunger should die:
 My mutton's all lost, I'm a poor starving elf,
 And for all the world like a lost mutton myself:
 O ho, I shall die, a lost mutton,
 Oh what a lost mutton am I.

For

For a neat slice of beef I could roar like a bull,
 And my stomach's so empty, my heart is quite full,
 Heigho that I for hunger should die:
 But grave without meat, I must here meet my grave,
 For my bacon I fancy I never shall save!
 O ho, I shall ne'er save my bacon,
 I can't save my bacon not I.

S O N G.

THE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

Sung in Inkle and Yarico.

O HOW sweet is a country life,
 Each lad with his lass,
 Days cheerfully pass,
 Nor know what means anger or strife.
 Nor know, &c.

We tend on our flocks, round the plains;
 We ev'ry joy share,
 And laugh at Old-Care,
 We're content, tho' small are our gains.

We scorn to betray, or deceive,
 For constant we prove,
 To the maid that we love,
 And thus lasting pleasure receive.

The

The sweet birds they cherup around;
 When from labour free,
 They join in our glee,
 And thus constant pleasures abound.
 And thus constant pleasures abound.

S O N G.

A HUNTING SONG.

WHEN the season invites, and all nature is
 gay,
 And Phœbus illumines the morn;
 The sportsmen are ready, and cry, 'hark away,'
 As cheerfully sounds the blithe horn:
 Up the hill or the lawn see they brush it along,
 While ruddy, their faces they glow;
 Sweet echo, in chorus, repeat the glad song,
 With hark forward, huzza, Tally-ho.

With well-scented hounds artful Reynard's pursu'd,
 Who nimble flies over the plain;
 Tho' with cunning above other brutes he's endu'd,
 Yet his cunning, alas! is in vain:
 The staunch pack surround him, his courage is past,
 Too weak to contend with the foe;
 He falters, he trembles, and yields up at last,
 While the sportsmen sing loud Tally-ho.

Mankind

Mankind are all huntsmen, the great and the small,
 Tho' different the game they've in view;
 And some leaping high often meet with a fall,
 As eagerly still they pursue:
 But we the true sportsmen, all danger defy,
 No sorrow or troubles we know;
 For at night o'er the bowl we fresh raptures supply,
 With repeating the song, Tally-ho.

S O N G.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sung by Mrs. Bottarelli, at Ranelagh.

WHEN the Sun with feeble light,
 Seems to sink beneath the dale;
 Then how charming 'tis to hear,
 The warbling midnight nightingale.

Or upon the verdant lawn;
 Hear the early songsters sing,
 Carol sweet at op'ning dawn
 Soft warbling notes to hail the Spring.

Sweet is the fragrant blooming rose,
 And sweet the lily of the vale;
 More sweet to hear when evenings close,
 The warbling midnight nightingale.

SONG.

S O N G.

Corrydon and Phillis.

HER sheep had in clusters crept close to a grove,
 To hide from the heat of the day;
 And Phillis, herself, in a woodbine alcove,
 Among the sweet violets lay:
 A young lambkin, it seems, had been stole from its
 dam,
 ('Twixt Cupid and Hymen-a plot)
 That Corrydon might, as he search'd for his lamb,
 Arrive at the critical spot.

As thro' the green hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
 He saw the fair nymph with surprise;
 Ye gods, if so killing, he cry'd, while she sleeps,
 I'm lost if she opens her eyes:
 To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
 I'll homeward my lambkin to trace;
 But in vain honest Corrydon strove to depart,
 For love held him fast to the place.

Cease, cease pretty birds, what a chirping you make,
 You sing too loud on the spray;
 Don't you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's asleep?
 You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day:
 How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid,
 Her cheeks he mistakes for the rose;
 I'd put him to death if I were not afraid,
 My boldness would break her repose.

Then

Then Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile,
 Kind shepherd, said she, you mistake;
 I laid myself down for to rest me a while,
 But, trust me, I was not asleep:
 The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,
 He plac'd himself down by her side;
 And manag'd the matter, I cannot tell how,
 But yesterday made her his bride.

S O N G.

By John Dryden, Esq.

GO, tell Aminta, gentle swain,
 I would not die, nor dare complain;
 Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
 Thy words will more prevail than mine:
 To souls, oppress'd and dumb with grief,
 The Gods ordain'd this kind relief,
 That music should, in sounds, convey
 What dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh or tear perhaps she'll give,
 But love on pity cannot live;
 Tell her, that hearts for hearts were made,
 And love with love is only paid:
 Tell her, my pains so fast increase,
 That soon they will be past redress;
 But, ah! the wretch that speechless lies,
 Attends but death to close his eyes.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE CHOICE.

SWAINS, I hate the boist'rous fair,
 Who assume a manly air,
 Soft, unaffected, gentle be,
 Still the girl that's made for me.

Let her not boast like man, to dare,
 The dangers of the sylvan war;
 With gentler sports delighted be,
 The girl that fate ordains for me.

No pert coquet, nor formal prude,
 Gay let her be, but never rude;
 From arts, from flights, from vapours free,
 She is the girl that's made for me.

Her well-chose dress in ev'ry part,
 Be artful without shewing art;
 From all fantastick fashions free,
 She is the girl that's made for me.

Loose flow her locks, without constraint,
 Her healthy cheeks let nature paint;
 To all a goddess seem to be,
 And prove a woman still to me.

A C.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE JOYS OF A BOWL.

YE gay sons of Bacchus replenish the bowl,
 'Tis the mirror that shews us mankind;
 Pride, envy, and malice, admit its controul,
 And leave undisfigur'd the mind.

The sage, who of old wish'd a window were plac'd
 To discover the haunts of the soul;
 Would have done full as well had he ply'd ev'ry
 guest,
 With the mystic contents of the bowl.

Round the heart that is honest, the balm it supplies
 To cure ev'ry sorrow that basks;
 But to knaves and to slaves all its pleasure denies,
 And gradually steals off their masks.

Then let pedants and milk-sops our bev'ridge dis-
 claim,

Its virtues they never can know:
 While we ply the bowl, 'tis an ocean of fame,
 And a speedy reliever of woe.

SONG.

S O N G.

PHILLIS.

WHAT beauties does my nymph disclose!
 Less fair the silver lily blows ;

Such blushes glow not on the rose,

As on the cheeks of Phillis :

The other day upon the green,

I saw a nymph of heavenly mien ;

I ran to greet the Cyprian queen,

But found it was my Phillis.

By mossy grot with ivy bound,

Where fragrant woodbines curl'd around,

And daisies dapple o'er the ground,

I sit and murmur, Phillis :

And when the lark with dewy wing,

To hail the morn exulting springs,

I rise and tune the trembling strings,

To praise my dearest Phillis.

When first I saw the lovely maid,

I gaz'd enraptur'd and dismay'd ;

My fault'ring tongue was quite afraid

To tell my pangs to Phillis :

Then Cupid aim'd his sharpest dart,

At once I felt the pleasing smart ;

That very hour I lost my heart,

And now it dwells with Phillis.

S O N G.

DESPAIR AND DIE.

Sung in Robin Hood.

THE stag through the forest, when rous'd by
 the horn,
 Sore frightened, high-bounding, flies wretched for-
 lorn,
 Quick panting, heart-bursting, the hounds now in
 view,
 Speed doubles! speed doubles! they eager pursue.

But 'scaping the hunters, again thro' the grove,
 Forgetting past evils, with freedom he roves;
 Not so in his soul who from tyrant-love flies,
 The shaft overtakes him, despairing he dies,

S O N G.

THE GENEROUS DISTRESS.

BLOW, ye bleak winds, around my head,
 And soothe my heart-corroding care,
 Flow round my brows, ye lightnings red.
 And blasts the laurels planted there:
 But may the maid whe'er she be,
 Think not of my distress nor me.

May

May all the traces of our love,
 Be ever blotted from her mind;
 May from her breast my vows remove,
 And no remembrance leave behind!
 But may the maid where'er she be,
 Think not of my distress nor me.

Oh! may I ne'er behold her more,
 For she has robb'd my soul of rest;
 Wisdom's assistance is too poor,
 To calm the tempest in my breast:
 But may the maid where'er she be,
 Think not of my distress nor me.

Come, death! O come, thou friendly sleep,
 And with my sorrows lay me low;
 And should the gentle virgin weep,
 Nor sharp, nor lasting be her woe:
 But may she think, where'er she be,
 No more of my distress nor me.

S O N G.

THE ABSENCE OF MAY.

THE rooks in the neighbouring grove,
 For shelter cry all the long day;
 Their huts in the branches above,
 Are cover'd no longer by May.

The birds that so chearfully sung,
Are silent, or plaintive each tone ;
And as they chirp low to their young,
The want of their goddess bemoan.

No dafies, on carpets of green,
O'er nature's cold bosom are spread ;
Not a sweet-brier sprig can be seen
To furnish fresh wreaths for my head.

Some flow'rs indeed may be found,
But these neither blooming nor gay ;
The fairest still sleep in the ground,
And wait for the coming of May.

December perhaps has purloin'd
Her rich, tho' fantastical gear ;
With envy the months may have join'd,
And jostled her out of the year.

Some shepherds, tis true may repine,
To see their lov'd gardens undrest ;
But I, while my Phillida's mine,
Shall always have May in my breast.

S O N G.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

YE fair, who shine thro' Britain's isle,
And triumph o'er the heart ;
Be once attentive for a while,
To what I now impart :

Would

Would you obtain the youth you love?
The precepts of a friend approve,
And learn the way to keep him.

As soon as nature had decreed
The bloom of eighteen years,
And Isabel from school is freed,
Then beauty's force appears:
The youthful blood begins to flow,
She hopes for man, and longs to know,
The surest way to keep him.

When first the pleasing pain is felt
Within the lover's breast;
And you by strange persuasion melt,
Each wishing to be blest:
Be not too proud, nor yet too coy,
With prudence lure the happy boy,
And that's the way to keep him.

At court, at ball, at park, at play,
Assume a modest pride;
And, lest your tongue your mind betray,
In fewer words confide:
The maid, who thinks to gain a mate
By giddy chat, will find, too late,
That's not the way to keep him.

In dressing ne'er the hours kill,
That bane to all the sex;
Nor let the arts of dear spadille
Your innocence perplex:

Be always decent as a bride,
By virtuous rules your reason guide,
For that's the way to keep him.

But when the nuptial knot is fast,
And both its blessings share,
To make those joys for ever last,
Of jealousy beware :
His love with kind compliance meet,
Let constancy the work complete,
And you'll be sure to keep him.

S O N G.

JOYS OF LOVE.

Sung in the Honest Yorkshireman.

LOVE's a gentle, gen'rous passion,
Source of all sublime delight ;
When with mutual inclination,
Two fond hearts in one unite.

What are titles, pomp, and riches,
If compar'd with true content?
That false joy that now bewitches,
When obtain'd we may repent.

Lawless passions bring vexation,
But a chaste and constant love
Is a glorious emulation
Of the blissful state above.

SONG.

S O N G.

HUNTING MELODY.

Sung by Mrs. Mabon.

DO you hear, brother sportsman, the sound of
 the horn,
 And yet the sweet pleasure decline?
 For shame, rouse your senses, and e're it is morn,
 With me the sweet melody join.

Thro' the wood and the valley, the traitor we rally,
 Nor quit him till panting he lies;
 While hounds in full cry, thro' hedges shall fly,
 And chase the swift hare till she dies.

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields,
 Both willing and joyous repair;
 No pastime in life greater happiness yields,
 Than chasing the fox and the hare.

For such comforts, my friend, on the sportsman at-
 tend,
 No pleasure like hunting is found;
 For when it is o'er, then, as brisk as before,
 Next morning we spurn up the ground.

S O N G.

GODDESS OF THE CHACE.

Sung by Mr. Doyle.

GIVE round the word dismount, dismount,
 While echo'd by the sprightly horn;
 The toils and pleasures we recount,
 Of this sweet health-inspiring morn.

CHORUS.

'Twas glorious sport, none-e're-did lag,
 Nor drew amiss, nor made a stand,
 But all as firmly kept their pace,
 As had Acteon been the stag,
 And we had hunted by command
 Of the goddess of the chace.

The hounds were out and snuff'd the air,
 And scarce had reach'd the appointed spot,
 When pleas'd they heard—a layer, a layer,
 And presently drew on the slot.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now o'er yonder plain he fleets,
 The deep-mouth'd hounds begin to bawl;
 And echo note for note repeats,
 While sprightly horns resound the call.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now the stag has lost his pace,
 And while war-haunch the huntsman cries,
 His bosom swells, tears wet his face,
 He pants, he struggles, and he dies.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

S O N G.

THE FRIEND AND PITCHER.

THE wealthy fool, with gold in store,
 Will still desire to grow richer;
 Give me but these, I ask no more,
 My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.

My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
 With such what mortal can be richer?
 Give me but these, a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve,
 To toil a hedger, or a ditcher;
 If that when I come home at eve,
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
 I know not what can thus bewitch her;
 With all my heart can I be poor,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
 With such, what mortal can be richer?
 Give me but these, a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

S O N G.

INDIFFERENCE.

Sung at Vauxhall.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flowry meads in May;
 Yet if she think not well of me,
 What care I how fair she be.

Shall a woman's goodness move,
 Me to perish for her love?
 Or, her worthy merits known,
 Make me quite forget my own?
 Be she with much goodness blest,
 As may merit name the best;
 Yet if she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be.

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
 I will never more despair;
 If she love me, this believe,
 I will die 'ere she shall grieve:
 If she scorn me when I woo,
 I will scorn, and let her go;
 So if she be not fit for me,
 What care I for whom she be?

SONG.

S O N G.

THE CONTENTED MILLER.

IN a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill and some meadows, a freehold
estate ;

A well-meaning miller by labour supplies,
Those blessings, which grandeur, to great ones de-
nies :

No passions to plague him, nor cares to torment,
His constant companions are health and content ;
Their lordships in lace may take note if they will,
He's honest, tho' daub'd with the dust of his mill.

When the lark's carols salute the new-day,
He springs from his cottage as jocund as May;
He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,
Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair :
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,
Or bribing elections in hopes to be great ;
No fraud nor ambition his bosom does fill,
Contented he works if there's grist to his mill.

On Sunday bedeck'd in his home-spun array,
At church he's the loudest to chaunt and to pray ;
Then sits to a dinner of plain English food,
Tho' simple his pudding, his appetite's good :
At night when the priest and excise-men are gone,
He quaffs at the ale-house with Roger and John,
Then reels to his pillow, and dreams of no ill,
What monarch so blest as the man of the mill?

S O N G.

THE FOX CHASE.

Sung by Mr. Inledon.

AT the found of the horn,
 We rise in the morn,
 And waken the woods as we thunder along;
 Yoi, yoi, tally-o,
 After Reynard we go;
 While echo on echo we double the song.

Not the studs of the sun,
 Our brave couriers outran,
 O'er the mound horse and hounds see us bound in
 full cry;
 Like Phœbus we rise,
 To the height of the skies,
 And careless of danger five bars we defy.
We waken the woods, &c.

At eve, Sir, we rush,
 And are close to his brush,
 Already he dies, see him panting for breath;
 Each feat and defeat,
 We renew and repeat,
 Regardless of life, so we're in at the death.

With a bottle at night,
 We prolong the delight,
 Much trimbush we praise, and the deeds that were
 done;
 And yoi, tally-o,
 The next morning we go,
 With Phœbus, to end, as we mount with the sun.

S O N G.

PASTORAL BALLAD.

YE swains who inhabit the green,
 You have heard that my Phillida's dead;
 In your looks the sad tidings are seen,
 And her worth in your grief may be read.

Oh! was she not lovely and fair,
 Has she scarce left such beauty behind?
 And yet what was that to compare
 With the graces that dwelt in her mind?

But let me not think on her charms,
 How I lov'd her my verse cannot tell!
 Death has snatch'd her away from my arms,
 With angels alone must she dwell.

In vain do I utter my grief,
 Her loss the whole world can't supply:
 Death only will give me relief,
 To him, then with pleasure I fly.

Oh! shew me the way to my fair,
 Lead me on to the regions of bliss:
 And, sure as my love was sincere,
 I'll praise thee, great victor, for this.

SONG.

S O N G.

A HUNTING SONG.

YE sportsmen draw near and ye sportswomen too,
 Who delight in the joys of the field;
 Mankind tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
 And no one the contest will yield:
 His lordship, his worship, his honor, his grace,
 A hunting continually go;
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
 Hark forward, huzza, tally-ho!

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,
 To hunt for a mortgage or deed;
 The husband gets up at the sound of the horn,
 And rides to the Commons full speed:
 The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game;
 The poet, too, often lays low,
 Who, mounted on Pegusus, flies after fame,
 With hark forward, huzza, tally-ho.

While, fearless, o'er hills, and o'er woodlands we
 sweep,
 Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown;
 How oft do they decency's bounds over-leap,
 And the fences of virtue break down?
 Thus, public, or private, for pension or place,
 For amusement, for passion, for shew,
 All ranks, and degrees, are engag'd in the chace,
 With hark forward, huzza, tally-ho.

S O N G.

FAIR, HEBE.

By W. Shenstone, Esq.

WHEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,
 What anguish I felt at my heart!
 And I thought—but it might not be so—
 She was sorry to see me depart:
 She cast such a languishing view,
 My path I could scarcely discern;
 And so sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought she had bade me return.

Methinks she might like to retire
 To the grove I had laboured to rear;
 For whatever I heard her admire,
 I hasted and planted it there:
 Her voice such a pleasure conveys,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and whatever she says,
 I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now, e're I haste to the plain,
 Come, shepherds, and tell of her ways;
 I could lay down my life for the swain,
 Who could sing me a song in her praise:
 While he sings may the maids of the town
 Come flocking, and listen the while,
 Nor on him let Hebe once frown,
 Tho' I cannot allow her to smile.

To see when my charmer goes by,
 Some hermit peeps out of his cell ;
 How he thinks of his youth, with a sigh !
 How fondly he wishes her well !
 On him she may smile if she please,
 It will warm the cool bosom of age—
 Yet cease, gentle Hebe, O cease,
 Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stol'n from no flow'rets that grow,
 To deck the dear charms I approve ;
 For what can a blossom bestow,
 So sweet, so delightful as love !
 I sing in a rustical way,
 A shepherd, and one of the throng ;
 Yet Hebe approves of my lay,
 Go, poets, and envy my song.

NOW OR NEVER.

Sung at Vauxhall.

TO make the most of fleeting time,
 Should be our great endeavour ;
 For love we both are in our prime,
 The time is now or never.

A thousand charms around you play,
 No girl more bright and clever ;
 Then let us both agree to-day,
 To-morrow will be never.

I ne'er shall be a better man,
 I burn with love's high fever ;
 Pray now be kind, I know you can,
 You must not answer never.

Whilst you, thus, Chloe, turn aside,
 You frustrate my endeavour ;
 That face will fade, come down that pride,
 Your time is now or never.

S O N G.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

TWAS in that season of the year,
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That Colin with the morning ray,
 Arose and sung his rural lay :
 Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung ;
 While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
 And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse, the breathing spring,
 With rapture warms, awake and sing ;
 Awake, and join the vocal throng,
 And hail the morning with a song :
 To Nanny raise the chearful lay,
 O bid her haste and come away ;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love ! on ev'ry spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song :
 Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nancy's eyes,
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love ! my Colin's lay,
 With rapture calls, O come away !
 Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine :
 O hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

S O N G.

THE ANSWER TO ROSLIN CASTLE.

FROM Roslin Castle's echoing walls
 Refounds my shepherd's ardent calls ;
 My Colin bids me come away,
 And love demands I should obey :
 His melting strain and tuneful lay,
 So much the charms of love display,
 I yield—no longer can refrain
 To own my love, and bless my swain.

No

No longer can my heart conceal
 The painful, pleasing flame, I feel;
 My soul retorts the am'rous strain,
 And echoes back in love again:
 Where lurks my songster? in what grove
 Does Colin pour his notes of love?
 O bring me to the happy bow'r,
 Where mutual love may bliss secure.

Ye vocal hills! that catch the song,
 Repeating, as it flies along;
 To Colin's ear my strain convey,
 And say I haste to come away:
 Ye Zephyrs soft, that fan the gale,
 Waft to my love the soothing tale;
 In whispers all my soul express,
 And tell, I haste his arms to bless.

S O N G.

BANKS OF FORTH.

YE sylvan Pow'rs that rule the plain,
 Where sweetly winding Fortha glides,
 Conduct me to those banks again,
 Since there my charming Molly bides:
 The banks that breathe their vernal sweets,
 Where ev'ry smiling beauty meets;
 Where Molly's charms adorn the plain,
 And cheer the heart of ev'ry swain.

Thrice

Thrice happy were the golden days,
 When I, amidst the rural throng,
 On Forth's meadows breath'd my lays,
 And Molly's charms were all my song
 While she was present all was gay,
 No sorrow did our mirth allay;
 We sung of pleasure, sung of love,
 And music breath'd in ev'ry grove:

O then was I the happiest swain,
 No adverse fortune marr'd my joy;
 The shepherds sigh'd for her in vain,
 On me she smil'd, to them was coy:
 O'er Forth's mazy banks we stray'd,
 I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous maid;
 The beauteous maid my love return'd,
 And both with equal ardour burn'd.

Once on the grassy bank reclin'd,
 Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,
 It was my happy chance to find
 The charming Molly lull'd asleep:
 My heart then leap'd with inward bliss.
 I softly stoop'd, and stole a kiss;
 She wak'd, she blush'd, and faintly blam'd,
 Why, Damon, are you not asham'd?

Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,
 Where birds their music chirp'd aloud,
 Alternately we sung our loves,
 And Forth's fair meanders view'd:

The

The meadows wore a general smile,
 Love was the banquet all the while;
 The lovely prospect charm'd the eye,
 To where the ocean met the sky.

Ye sylvan pow'rs! ye rural gods!
 To whom we swains our cares impart;
 Restore me to those blest abodes,
 And ease, oh ease! my love-sick heart:
 These happy days again restore,
 When Moll and I shall part no more;
 When she shall fill these longing arms,
 And crown my bliss with all her charms.

S O N G.

I CANNOT TELL HOW.

I MET in our village a swain t'other day,
 He stopt me, and beg'd me a moment to stay;
 Then blush'd, and in language I ne'er heard before,
 He talk'd much of love, and some pains that he
 bore:

But what was his meaning I know not, I vow,
 Yet, alas! my poor heart felt, I cannot tell how.

Each morning the jessamine, violet and rose,
 He brings me, and ev'ry sweet flower that blows;
 The sweetest and gayest he picks from the rest,
 And begs me to wear those fine things in my breast;
 But what is the meaning, I know not, I vow,
 Yet, alas! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

I oft see the tears streaming fast from his eyes,
 And hear him, poor youth, breathe a thousand of sighs;
 He tells me no nymph in the world is like me,
 Nor shepherd alive so unhappy as he;
 But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow,
 Yet, alas! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

Why does the dear shepherd to me thus complain,
 And say that my eyes are the cause of his pain;
 Indeed ever since his sad fate I deplore,
 And I wish I knew how he might suffer no more!
 I'll do all I can to relieve him I vow,
 If he will be so kind, as to teach me but how.

At my feet the young shepherd I see,
 Protesting he never lov'd any but me;
 He gazes with transport and kisses me too,
 And swears that he'll ever be constant and true:
 But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow,
 Yet, alas! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

S O N G.

ANNA'S URN.

By General Burgoyne.

ENCOMPASS'D in an angel's frame,
 An angel's virtues lay;
 Too soon did heav'n assert the claim,
 And call its own away.

My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
 Must never more return!
 What now shall fill these widow'd arms?
 Ah, me! my Anna's urn!

S O N G.

NANNY OF THE MILL.

Sung by Mr. Wilson.

THE lark proclaim'd return of morn,
 And blithe to view the dewy mead;
 I left my cot at early dawn,
 And o'er the meadows tun'd my reed:
 Where I beheld a maid so fair,
 'Twas near a rising hill;
 With beauteous looks and modest air,
 'Twas Nanny of the mill.

Her cheeks with modest roses glow'd,
 While thus I breath'd my am'rous tale;
 The meadows all their charms bestow'd,
 And sportive Zephyrs fann'd the gale:
 O smile my fair, thy heav'nly smiles
 Shall lengthen on the hill,
 And sweetly languish life away,
 Dear Nanny of the mill.

She sigh'd, and blush'd a sweet consent,
 I thank'd her on my bended knee;
 In Hymen's chains we're now content,
 No pair was e're more blest than we:
 'Twas near yon Hedge-row's pleasing shade,
 Where beauty crowns the hill;
 I first beheld my charming maid,
 Dear Nanny of the mill.

D

SONG.

S O N G.

THE CRY OF THE HOUNDS.

Sung by Mr. Wilson.

HARK away, my brave boys, to the cry of the
hounds,

How blithsome o'er hill and thro' dale,
Sweet echo delighted, the music resounds,
And wafts it o'er mountain and dale:
Mellow sounds the blithe horn in the morning so gay,
And echo delighted, cries, hark, hark away.

'Then haste away, 'tis the enliv'ning view, hollow,
Sly Reynard breaks cover and flies;
The hounds, true to scent, his track quickly follow,
And loud tally-ho's rend the skies.

Mellow sounds the blithe horn, &c.

Then leave to dull care all the sons of the day,
Let them labour and toil while we follow
The sweet swelling cry of the musical hound,
And the voice of the huntsman's sweet hollow.

Mellow sounds the blithe horn, &c.

SONG.

[51]

S O N G.

SWEET ROBINETTE.

Sung by Mr. Ingleton.

SWEET, sweet Robinette, all the shepherd's declare,
They never yet saw so enchanting a fair,
The swains so admire her, no mortal as yet,
Has e'er seen a girl like my sweet Robinette.

Her eyes they would melt you, her cheeks they disclose
The beautiful tint of the pale blushing rose;
The nymphs, full of envy, do nothing but fret,
To see all the swains sigh for sweet Robinette.

All nature seems pleas'd as she trips it along,
Her smiles make the lark swell his rapturous song;
The shepherds, their cares and their labours forget,
To gaze on the charms of my sweet Robinette.

So gentle her manners, they soften the sage,
She's the May-day of youth, and the summer of age;
I love her, adore her, I'll venture a bet,
You ne'er saw a girl like my sweet Robinette.

D 2

S O N G

S O N G.

JEMMY OUT AT SEA.

Sung by Mr. Wilson.

THE Summer breezes fann'd the sea,
 And wav'd the fragrant bow'r;
 When Mary sigh'd for Jemmy dear,
 Each long and tedious hour:
 Oft' o'er yon fertile hill and grove,
 She wept her sorrows free;
 For Jemmy was her only love,
 And he was out at sea.

The blushing rose adorn'd her face,
 With more than wonted charms;
 And beauty smil'd with heav'nly grace,
 Such as the soul disarms:
 Yet, ah! in vain, her botom strove
 From danger to be free;
 For Jemmy was her only love,
 And he was out at sea.

Thus twelve long months had pass'd away,
 When from her cot she stray'd;
 She met her bonny sailor gay
 Returning to his maid:
 The tears of joy and pleasure flow'd,
 Her love once more to see;
 And from that hour young Jemmy vow'd,
 He'd ne'er return to sea.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE TARTAN PLAIDDIE.

Sung by Miss Leary.

BY moonlight on the green,
Where lads and lasses stray;
How sweet the blossom'd bean,
How sweet the new made hay:
But not to me sa sweet,
The blossoms on the thorn;
As when my lad I meet,
More fresh than May-day morn.

CHORUS.

Give me the lad so blithe and gay,
Give me the tartan plaiddie;
For spite of all the wife can say,
I'll wed my highland laddie:
My bonny highland laddie,
My bonny highland laddie;
My bonny, bonny, bonny, bonny,
Bonny highland laddie.

His skin is white as snow,
His e'en are bonny blue;
Like rose bud sweet his mow,
When wet with morning dew:

Young

Young Will is rich and great,
And fain wou'd ca' me his;
But what is pride or state,
Without love's smiling blis.

Give me the lad, &c.

When first he talk'd of love,
He look'd sa blithe and gay;
His flame I did approve,
And cou'd na say him nay:
Then to the kirk I'll haste,
There prove my love and truth;
Reward a love sa chaste,
And wed the constant youth.

Give me the lad, &c.

S O N G.

MUSIC THE VOICE OF LOVE.

Sung by Miss Bertles.

SOFTLY sweet the minutes glide,
With tuneful Damon by my side,
His songs delight the list'ning grove,
For music is the voice of love.

When

When moon beams glitter o'er the stream,
 How sweet his song when love's the theme;
 His plaintive notes the nymphs approve,
 For music is the voice of love.

If other maids admire his lays,
 While soft and sweet he sings my praise;
 The tender tale I must approve,
 For music is the voice of love.

S O N G.

COLIN THAT LIVES IN THE VALE.

Sung by Miss Bertles.

WHERE the jessamin sweetens the bow'r,
 And cowslips adorn the gay green;
 And the roses refresh'd by the show'r,
 Contribute to brighten the scene:
 In a cottage retirement there lives,
 Young Colin and Phœbe the fair;
 The blessings each other receives,
 In mutual enjoyment they share:
 And the lads tell the lasses, in hopes to prevail,
 They're as constant as Colin that lives in the vale.

The sweets of contentment supply,
 The splendour and grandeur of pride;
 No wants can the shepherd annoy,
 While blest with his beautiful bride:
 He wishes no greater delight,
 Than to tend on the lambkins by day,
 And return to his Phœbe at night,
 His innocent toil to repay:
 And the lads tell the lasses, in hopes to prevail,
 They're as constant as Colin that lives in the vale.

If her lover delighted appears,
 The fair one partakes of his bliss,
 If dejected, she soothes all his cares,
 And heals ev'ry pain with a kiss!
 Ye swains, who're accusom'd to rove,
 And each innocent fair one betray;
 From this pair learn the true joys of love,
 And his dictates with honour obey:
 Your passions, fond shepherds, will surely prevail,
 If constant as colin that lives in the vale.

S O N G.

THE SIGH.

Sung by Miss Newman.

THESE rural pastime chearless prove,
 Unless my charming Damon's by;
 As mourns the absent mate the dove,
 My Damon's absence prompts a sigh.

When

When last he brought a linnets nest,
 The parent bird sat mourning by;
 Her kindred tumults in my breast,
 Increase the sad responsive sigh.

Ah, what avails my Damon's art,
 His power of conquest thus to try?
 To aim the pointed cruel dart,
 And leave me then whole days to sigh?

When next he comes shall I upbraid?
 Ah! no; perhaps his piercing eye,
 Has caught some blooming happier maid,
 Neglected here I'll patient sigh.

S O N G.

CONQUEST OF MARS.

Sung by Mrs. Bannister, in Inkle and Yarico.

MARS would oft' his conquests over
 To the Cyprian goddess yield:
 Venus gloried in a lover,
 Who like him could brave the field.
 D 5 *Mars would oft', &c.*

In the cause of battles hearty,
 Still the god would strut to prove,
 He who fac'd an adverse party,
 Fittest was to face his love.

Mars would oft', &c.

Hear then, captains, ye who bluster,
 Hear the god of war declare;
 Towards never can pass muster,
 Courage only wins the fair.

Mars would oft', &c.

S O N G.

COMPLIANCE.

Sung by Mr. Davies, in Inkle and Yarico.

WH Y should I vain fears discover,
 Prove a dying fighting swain?
 Why turn shrilly shally lover,
 Only to prolong my pain?

When we view the dear enslaver,
 Boldly ask—and she will grant;
 How should we obtain a favour,
 But by telling what we want?

Should the nymph be found complying,
 Nearly then the battle's won;
 Parents think 'tis vain denying,
 When half our work is fairly done.

SONG.

S O N G.

CONSTANCY.

Sung by Miss George, in Inkle and Yarico.

REMEMBER when we walk'd alone,
 And heard so gruff the lion growl;
 And when the moon so bright it shone,
 We saw the wolf look up and howl:
 I led you well, safe to our cell,
 While tremblingly
 You said to me,
 —And kiss'd so sweet—dear Woukie, tell,
 How can I live without ye.

But now you come across the sea,
 And tell me here no monsters roar;
 You walk alone and leave poor me,
 When wolves to fright you howl no more—
 But, ah! think well on our old cell,
 Where tremblingly
 You kiss'd poor me,
 Perhaps you'll say—dear Woukie tell,
 How can I live without ye.

S O N G.

THINK AND LOVE STILL.

Sung by Mrs. Kemble, in Inkle and Yarico.

OUR grotto was the sweetest place,
 The bending boughs with fragrance blowing,
 Would check the brook's impetuous rage,
 Which murmur'd to be check'd from flowing:
 'Twas there we met and gaz'd our fill,
 Ah! think on this and love me still.

'Twas there my bosom first knew fear,
 Fear, to an Indian maid a stranger;
 The war-song, arrows, hatchet, spear,
 All warn'd me of my lover's danger.

For him by day with care conceal'd,
 To bring him food I climb'd the mountain,
 And when the night no form reveal'd,
 Jocund we sought the bubb'ling fountain:
 Then, then would joy my bosom fill,
 Ah! think on this and love me still.

S O N G.

ADVANTAGE OF TRUTH.

Sung by Mr. Parsons, in Inkle and Yarico.

O GIVE me your plain dealing fellows,
 Who never from honesty shrink;
 Not thinking on all they should tell us,
 But telling us all that they think.

Truth from man flows like wine from a bottle,
 His free spoken heart's a full cup;
 But when truth sticks half way in the throttle,
 Man's worse than a bottle cork'd up.

Complaisance is a gingerbread creature,
 Us'd for shew like a watch by each spark;
 But truth is a golden repeater,
 That sets a man right in the dark.

SONG.

S O N G.

HOPE.

By W. Shenstone, Esq.

MY banks are all furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottos are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep:
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare bells and violets grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed:
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
 I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

But where does my Phillida stray,
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs;
 Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the vallies as fine;
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

S O N G.

THE JOLLY ANGLER.

O THE jolly angler's life,
 It is the best of any ;
 It is a fancy void of strife,
 And belov'd by many :
 It is no crime, at any time,
 But a harmless pleasure ;
 It is a bliss of lawfulness,
 It is a joy, not a toy,
 It is a skill that breeds no ill,
 It is sweet, and complete ;
 Recreation to the mind,
 Its witty, pretty, decent,
 Pleasant pastime we shall sweetly find,
 If the weather proves but kind,
 We'll enjoy our leisure.

In the morning up we start,
 Just as daylight's peeping ;
 Take a cup to cheer our heart,
 Leave the sluggard sleeping :
 Forth we walk and merry talk,
 To some pleasant river ;
 Near the Thames' silver streams,
 There we stand, rod in hand,
 Fixing right for a bite,
 All the time the fish allure,

Come

Come leaping, skipping,
 Bobbing, biting,
 Dangling at our hooks secure,
 With this pastime sweet and pure,
 We could fish for ever.

As we walk the meadows green,
 Where the fragrant air is ;
 Where the objects to be seen,
 O what pleasure there is :
 Birds do sing, flowers spring,
 Full of declamation ;
 Whistling breeze runs thro' the trees,
 There we meet, meadows sweet,
 Flowers find to our mind,
 It is a scene of sweet content,
 From the sweet refreshing bowers,
 Living, giving, easing,
 Pleasing vital powers,
 Exhaled from those herbs and flowers,
 Raised by the falling showers,
 For man's recreation.

Thro' the shady forest, where
 The shrill horn is sounding ;
 Hounds and huntsman roving,
 There is sport abounding :
 A hedious noise is all their joys,
 Not to be admired ;
 While we fish to gain a dish,
 With our hook in the brook,
 Watch our float,
 Spare our throat,

While

While they are sweltering to and fro,
 Tantivy, tantivy, tantivy,
 The horn does loudly blow,
 Hounds and huntsmen all a row,
 With their pastime fired.

We have gentles in our horns,
 We have worms and paste too ;
 Great coats we have to stand a storm,
 And baskets to our waists too :
 We have line, choice of twine,
 Fitting for our angle,
 If it is so away we go,
 Seeking out carp or trout,
 Eel or pike, or the like,
 Dace or bleak what we lack,
 Barbel, jack or many more,
 Gudgeons, roaches, perches, tenches,
 Here's the jolly angler's store,
 We have choice of fish galore,
 We will have our angling.

If the sun's excessive heat,
 Should our bodies swelter ;
 To bush or hedge we will retreat,
 For a friendly shelter :
 If we spy a shower nigh,
 Or the day uncertain,
 Then we flee beneath a tree,
 There we eat victuals sweet,
 Take a coge, smoak and foge,
 If we can no longer stay,

We

We go laughing, joking,
 Quaffing, smoaking,
 So delightful all the way,
 Thus we do conclude the day,
 With a cup at parting.

S O N G.

THE COMPLAINING SWAIN.

O N pleasure's smooth wing how old time steals
 away,
 Ere love's fatal flame leads the shepherd astray ;
 My days, O ye swains! were a round of delight,
 From the cool of the morn to the stillness of night,
 No care found a place in my cottage or breast,
 But health with content all the year was my guest.

'Twas then no fair Phillis my heart could ensnare,
 With voice, or with feature, with dress or with air ;
 So kindly young Cupid had pointed his dart,
 That I gather'd the sweets without feeling the smart:
 I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like a bee,
 But still all my song was, I'll ever be free.

'Twas then ev'ry object fresh raptures could yield,
 If I stray'd thro' the garden, or travers'd the field,
 A thousand gay scenes were display'd to my sight,
 If the nightingale sung I could listen all night ;
 With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the stream,
 And awake to new life from some rapturous dream.

But now, since for Hebe in secret I sigh,
 Alas! what a change, and how wretched am I;
 Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade,
 Their sweets now all sicken, their odours all fade:
 No music I find in soft Philomel's strain,
 And the brook o'er the pebbles now murmurs in
 vain.

They say that she's kind, but no kindness I see,
 On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me;
 Then teach me, bright Venus, persuasion's soft art,
 Or aid me, by reason, to ransom my heart;
 To crown my desire, or to banish my pain,
 Give love to the nymph, or give ease to the swain.

S O N G.

FAIR EUPHELIA.

By Matthew Prior, Esq.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
 Converts it in 'a borrow'd name;
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
 But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
 When Chloe noted her desire,
 That I should sing, that I should play.

My

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
 But with my numbers mix my sighs;
 And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
 I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd, Euphelia frown'd,
 I sung and gaz'd, I play'd and trembled;
 And Venus, to the loves around,
 Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

S O N G.

ANNA.

AS erst to Damon's sacred shade
 These eyes their grateful tribute paid,
 Of many a tear beguil'd;
 Sweet Anna saw my tender grief,
 And in kind pity brought relief,
 She kiss'd me and I smil'd.

Ambition next my bosom warm'd,
 Adieu each softer care!—Alarm'd
 The fair enchantress came;
 One kiss infus'd a gentle fire,
 I felt the noble heat expire,
 And curs'd the phantom Fame.

Transfixt by fancy's poison'd dart,
 When late my inly-wounded heart
 Consum'd in silent pain:
 Like wounded Edward's gen'rous bride,
 Sweet Anna her balmy lips apply'd,
 And drew out all the bane.

Strange to relate, the tygres, rage,
 Her gentle kisses can assuage,
 And in soft fetters bind:
 Not music's pow'rful charms e'er gain'd,
 Or calm philosophy attain'd,
 Such empire o'er the mind.

Then to secure my peace and bliss,
 Sweet Ann, in one eternal kiss,
 Breathe in th' all-healing balm:
 No, cease, thou fatal fond desire,
 Ah! treach'rous kisses, you inspire
 More passion's than you calm.

S O N G.

THE ENAMOURED FAIR.

AH! why must words my flame reveal?
 Why needs my Damon bid me tell
 What all my actions prove?
 A blush whene'er I meet his eye,
 Whene'er I hear his name, a sigh
 Betrays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain,
 My eyes still fixt on him remain,
 And him alone approve:
 The rest unheeded dance or play,
 From all he steals my praise away,
 And can he doubt my love.

Whene'er

Whene'er we meet, my looks confess,
 The joys that all my soul possess,
 And ev'ry care remove :
 Still, still, too short appears his stay,
 The moments fly too fast away,
 Too fast for my fond love.

Does any speak in Damon's praise ?
 So pleas'd am I with all he says,
 I ev'ry word approve :
 But is he blam'd, altho' in jest ?
 I feel resentment fire my breast,
 Alas! because I love.

But, ah! what tortures tear my heart,
 When I suspect his looks impart
 The least desire to rove !
 I hate the maid that gives me pain,
 Yet him to hate I strive in vain,
 For, ah! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read mine eyes,
 Believe my blushes, trust my sighs,
 My passion these will prove :
 Words oft deceive, and spring from art,
 The true expressions of my heart
 To Damon, must be love.

SONG.

S O N G.

TO SYLVIA.

By David Garrick, Esq.

IF truth can fix the wav'ring heart,
 Let Damon urge his claim;
 He feels the passion, void of art,
 The pure, the constant flame.

Tho' fighting swains their torments tell,
 Their sensual love contemn;
 They only prize the beauteous shell,
 But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
 Destroys the transient fire;
 But when the mind receives the dart,
 Enjoyment whets desire.

By age your beauty will decay,
 Your mind improve with years;
 As when the blossoms fade away,
 The rip'ning fruit appears.

May Heav'n and Sylvia grant my suit,
 And bless the future hour;
 That Damon, who can taste the fruit,
 May gather ev'ry flow'r.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE MERCHANTMAN.

Sung by Mr. Meadows, in Inkle and Yarico.

THE Achilles, tho' christen'd good ship, 'tis
 surmis'd,
 From that old man of war, great Achilles, so priz'd,
 Was he like our vessel, pray, fairly baptiz'd.
Ti lol lol, &c.

Poets sung *that* Achilles—if now they've an itch,
 To sing *this*, future ages may know which is which,
 And that one rode in grease and the other in pitch.
Ti lol lol, &c.

What, tho' but a merchant ship, sure our supplies,
 Now your men of wars gain in a lottery lies,
 And how blank they all look when they can't get a
 prize.
Ti lol lol, &c.

What are all their fine names, when no rhino's be-
 hind?
 The intrepid, and lion, look sheepish you'll find,
 Whilst alas! the poor Æolus can't raise the wind.
Ti lol lol, &c.

Then the thunderer's dumb, out of time the Orpheus,
 The Ceres has nothing at all to produce,
 And the eagle, I warrant you looks like a goose.
Ti lol lol, &c.

But we merchant lads, tho' the foe we can't maul,
 Nor are paid like fine King's ships to fight at a call,
 Why we pay ourselves well without fighting at all.
Ti lol lol, &c.

S O N G.

THE GIFT OF THE GODS.

WHEN freedom was banish'd from Greece
 and from Rome,
 And wander'd neglected in search of a home,
 Jove, willing to fix her where long she might stand,
 Turn'd the globe round about to examine each land;
 With nice circumspection he view'd the whole ball,
 And weigh'd in his balance the merit of all;
 Then quickly determin'd, that England alone,
 Was the spot well adapted for Liberty's throne.

Gay Momus insisted, no place was more fit
 Than the island of Freedom for true attic wit;
 And Venus confess'd, if 'twere pleasing to Jove,
 She would wish to make England the empire of
 Love:

Then Mars nobly stept from his mistress's side,
 And swore that the Britons in arms should preside;
 While Bacchus declar'd, that each heart cheering
 juice
 For the use of brave Englishmen he would produce.

To render complete all the blessings now past,
 And provide that they might to eternity last,
 'Twas resolv'd that a toast should that instant be
 giv'n,

And drank in full bumpers of nectar thro' heav'n:
 The toast of the gods was, and mark it, ye free,
 "May Britons with Britons for ever agree!"
 By their enemies then they shall always be fear'd,
 And with wit, wine and women incessantly cheer'd,

SONG.

S O N G.

JE PENSE A VOUS.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

JE Pense à vous, where e're I stray,
 While sorrow marks my lonely way;
 The sports of spring unmov'd I view,
 Alone I sigh and think of you:

Je Pense à vous.

Ah! why in absence do I mourn,
 Why vainly wish for your return?
 While transient pleasures you pursue,
 Alone I sigh, and think of you.

Je Pense à vous.

Come then, to cheer our native plain,
 Return to bless a constant swain;
 With love reward a love so true,
 Oh! think of him who thinks of you.

Je Pense à vous.

S O N G.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

IN length'ned aisles where echoes dwell,
 See Eloisa rove;
 In plaintive notes my grief I tell,
 Of Abelard and love:

E

Dear

Dear Youth, of ev'ry charm possess,
 Whom I must see no more;
 Yet in this visionary breast,
 Thine image I adore.

When loud Hosannas wake the mind,
 To purest bliss above;
 My frail sensations still I find,
 Are all to you and love:
 In vain the tapers blaze around,
 And heav'nly joy's in view;
 In vain the Organ's solemn sound,
 My heav'ns alone with you.

Yes, each fond scene of rapture past,
 Still rises in my breast;
 Ah! joys too exquisite to last,
 Caressing and caress'd:
 To ivy'd walls and senseless stones,
 For ever I complain;
 But Eloisa's fruitless moans,
 Encrease, alas! her pain.

S O N G.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

AH! Eloisa, how shall I,
 My matchless woes rehearse?
 No friendly muse will now comply,
 To animate the verse:

When

When pow'rful love inspir'd the lay,
 How glow'd the charming theme?
 But fate has snatch'd that bliss away,
 And life is but a dream.

When melting on thy snowy breast,
 How sweet the moments flew!
 With tender sentiments impress'd,
 All then was love and you:
 Then cold Philosophy in vain,
 Its precepts did display;
 But Cupid and his smiling train,
 Made happy ev'ry day.

Chang'd is the scene—No more I burn
 With love's resistless fire;
 Cold as the ashes in the urn,
 And languid each desire:
 Yet, Eloisa, think on me,
 And ev'ry rapture past;
 For still my heart is true to thee,
 And will be to the last.

S O N G.

THE MUSICAL CHASE.

HARK, hark, how the forest resounds with the
 chace,
 The musical hounds and the merry ton'd horn;

E 2

Health

Health, rosy health, blooms afresh in each face,
And Aurora's bright beams the gay meadows
adorn :

What music abounding,

While echo resounding,

Tontaron, tontaron, tontaron sounds the horn.

For ages long past has the chace been renown'd,
By the wisest, the noblest, the greatest, rever'd ;
And those who've in battle with conquest been
crown'd,

At first in the chace have with honour appear'd :

What music abounding,

While echo resounding,

Tontaron, tontaron, the blythe sportsmen have
cheer'd.

Then boys let's away while the season invites,
And brush by the dews of the ruddy fac'd morn ;
To share in these noble and healthful delights,
Which the huntsmen with vigor and glory adorn :

Sweet music abounding,

While echo resounding,

Tontaron, tontaron, joins the heart-cheering horn.

S O N G.

TIPPLE AND SMOKE.

WITH a pipe of Virginia how happy am I,
And good liquor to moisten my clay stand-
ing by,

I puff up the smoke and it curls round the room,
Like a Phoenix I seem in a nest of perfume :

Delighting,

Inviting,

Is a pipe, and a friend who is fond of a joke,
Then happy together we tipple and smoke.

How pleasant it is thus to puff time away,
And between ev'ry whiff chat the news of the day :
Tobacco, great Raleigh, we owe to thy name,
And ev'ry true smoaker will puff up thy fame!

Delighting,

Inviting,

Is a pipe, and a friend that is fond of a joke,
Then happy together we tipple and smoke.

When bus'ness is over, we puff away care,
Let ev'ry man else say the same if he dare ;
This plant, so delightful's a foe to the spleen,
As it glows in the pipe it enlivens the scene :

Delighting,

Inviting,

Is a pipe, and a friend that is fond of a joke,
Then happy together we tipple and smoke.

While thus in the fumes we're envelop'd around,
Our heads are like hills which with clouds still are
crown'd;

Yet soon we emerge, and go cheerful away,
For a pipe of the best makes us bright as the day :

Delighting,

Inviting,

Is a pipe, and a friend who is fond of a joke,
Then happy together we tipple and smoke.

S O N G.

S T E R N E,

AT THE TOMB OF MOULINE'S MARIA.

Sung by Miss George, at Ranelagh.

THE Sun shone pale on mountain snow,
 While morn unbar'd her gate ;
 Wak'd by his beams Maria rose,
 To mourn her hapless fate :
 In piteous sounds of deepest woe,
 Which echo'd through the vale ;
 Soft as the rising blush of morn,
 Or zephyrs fragrant gale.

All night her shroud before her past,
 Th' owl cry'd, and raven too ;
 At eve Maria breath'd her last,
 And prov'd those omens true :
 Her spirit's now in heav'n repos'd,
 Which her sad vigils kept ;
 Whose wounds on earth were never clos'd,
 Whose sorrows never slept.

Yet e're I bid my last adieu,
 While in thy clay cold bed ;
 Accept the tear of friendship true,
 Which o'er thy grave I shed :
 While life remains, thy hapless love
 In mem'ry e're shall live ;
 May thou in heav'n those blessings prove,
 Which earth could never give.

SONG.

S O N G.

PRITHEE NOW DON'T BE A FOOL,

Sung by Miss Newman, at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Jockey first taught my gay fancy to
rove,

And when scarce in my teens sought my heart to
obtain;

I would chide him for daring to whisper his love,
But the more I said nay, the more pressing the
swain:

Grown bold e'er he ask'd me to bless him for life,

I reply'd like a girl that was just come from school;
For so grave and so old fashion'd thing is a wife,
I'm too young, and so prithee now don't be a fool.

It was thus all the swains I sent fighting away,

'Till my grannum (good woman) would often re-
mark it;

Remember, says she, how swift time flies away,

And how many, like you, are out standing their
market:

So the very next day when I met the young swain,

He reprov'd me for being so coy and so cool,
And leaving me straight with an air of disdain,

Then I blush'd and cry'd prithee now don't be a
fool.

The shepherd improv'd on the hint I had given,
 And flew to the parson to make me his wife ;
 This world my dear Jenny with you is a heaven,
 I never before was so blest in my life :
 Then lassies, when e're you have lovers in plenty,
 Before to remember your grandmother's rule ;
 One string to your bow is enough, if you're dainty,
 You'll live to repent ever playing the fool.

S O N G.

THE HALESWELL.

* *A Tale of Real Woe.*

DARK were the skies, but darker was their
 fate,
 The direful tale, ah! how shall I relate?
 Alas! my heart, a tale of real woe :
 The tempest roars, the surging billows sweep,
 Love, beauty, friendship, fortune to the deep :
 Alas! my heart, a tale of real woe.

* See the pathetic Narrative published by LANE,
 Price only 1s. With an engraved Frontispiece, de-
 scribing the situation of the Ship when she perished.

Ah!

Ah! Pierce, what sorrows fill'd thy aching heart,
From life, or from thy children dear to part?

Alas! my heart, a tale of real woe:

"I will not leave them," the fond parent cry'd,
Then clasp'd them in his arms and with them dy'd!

Alas! my heart, a tale of real woe.

Ah! hapless innocents! in coral caves.

You're buried deep beneath the briny waves;

Alas! my heart, a tale of tender woe:

What heart but bleeds? what eyes from tears re-
frain?

But who can tell the widow'd mother's pain?

Alas! my heart, a tale of real woe.

S O N G.

THE MUSICAL CHILD.

YE muses assist me in song to rehearse
The praises of genius sublime;
With happy expression enliven the verse,
And dictate a soft thinking rhyme:
I sing a young wonder of infantile years,
Whose notes are melodious and wild;
He sweeps o'er the keys and he charms all our ears,
And they call him the musical child.

E S

By

By nature inspir'd and untutor'd by art,
 An infant as yet at the breast ;
 The notes of fond fancy play'd sweet round his heart,
 His bosom with harmony blest :
 With tender affection his parents survey'd
 His actions so pleasing and smil'd ;
 And when his abilities more were display'd,
 They call'd him their musical child.

Apollo, the musical god, 'tis suppos'd,
 From Olympus came down at his birth ;
 The whole of the heart-cheering science disclos'd,
 To make him a wonder on earth :
 Cecilia beheld from her star-circled throne,
 And on him with rapture she smil'd ;
 With joy I adopt him, she cry'd, for my own,
 The wonderful musical child.

S O N G.

DIANA AND HEBE.

Sung by Mr. Incedon.

YE mortals, who'd wish to preserve long your
 lives,
 To the hills, to the valleys repair ;
 Hang lounging in bed, leave sloth and your wives,
 Awake and pursue the fleet hare :

The

The pleasures of hunting admit no alloy,
 Each heart may be seen in each face;
 Then rise, and Diana shall point out the way,
 And Hebe shall join in the chace.

In the Arts that delight both the ear and the eye,
 Our pastime for ever abounds;
 What painter's fine pencil with nature's can vie,
 What harmony equal the hounds?
 The sons of old Galen, with all their wise care,
 To hunting must likewise give place;
 For physic's a science we never can want,
 While Hebe still joins in the chace.

Then arise and to horse, see Aurora appears,
 And Phœbus will soon be in sight;
 Hark! the echoing horn, how the spirits it cheers,
 Giving taste of succeeding delight:
 Thus your life shall pass on with a gentle decay,
 Till youth to old age must give place;
 And the darts of pale sickness fall short ev'ry day,
 While Hebe still joins in the chace.

S O N G.

THE HAPPY FELLOW.

WITH my jug in one hand and my pipe in
 the other,
 I drink to my neighbour and friend;
 My cares in a whiff of tobacco I'll smother,
 For life I know shortly must end:

While Ceres most kindly refills my brown jug,
 With good ale I will make myself mellow;
 In my old wicker-chair I will seat myself snug,
 Like a jolly and true happy fellow.

I'll ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the
 nation,

I've enough of my own for to mind;
 For the cares of this life are but grief and vexation,
 To death we must all be consign'd:

Then I laugh, drink and smoke, and leave nothing to
 pay,

But drop like a pear that is mellow;
 And when cold in my coffin I'll leave them to say,
 He's gone, what a hearty good fellow.

S O N G.

SWEETER THAN THE DAMASK ROSE.

Sung by Mrs. Siddons.

SWEETER than the damask rose,
 Was his lovely breast;
 There, O let me there repose,
 Sigh, sigh, and sink to rest.

Cold

Cold Death has clos'd those lovely eyes,
That beam'd like summer's morn;
My heart with killing anguish dies,
Broke, broke, I'm left forlorn.

With leaves, with moss, with half-blown flow'rs,
Ye red-breasts hide my child;
Sing thro' all my mournful hours,
Sing, sing, with grief I'm wild.

S O N G.

THE MERRY DANCE.

Sung by Miss Romanzini.

THE merry dance I dearly love,
For then, Collette, thy hand I sieze;
And press it too whene'er I please,
And none can see and none reprove:
Then on thy cheek quick blushes glow,
And then we whisper soft and low,
Ah! how I grieve, ah! how I grieve,
I grieve, you ne'er her charms can know.

She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,
Yet still we are too young they say,
But we know better sure than they;
Youth should not listen to threescore:
And I'm resolv'd to tell her so,
When next we whisper soft and low,
Oh! how I grieve, oh! how I grieve,
I grieve, you ne'er her charms can know.

SONG.

S O N G.

CIRCULATION OF A BUMPER.

Sung by Mr. Sidgewick.

TO banish life's troubles, the Grecian old
Sage,
Prest the fruit of the vintage oft into the bowl ;
Which made him forget all the care of old age,
It bloom'd in his face and made happy his soul :
While here we are found,
Put the bumper around,
'Tis the liquor of life that each care can controul.

This jovial Philosopher taught that the fun,
Was thirsty, and often drank deep of the main ;
That the planets would tippie away as they run,
The earth wanted moisture and soak'd up the rain :
While here we are found,
Put the bumper around,
'Tis the liquor of life, why should we refrain?

Its virtues are known both in war and in love,
The hero and lover alike it makes bold ;
Vexations in life's busy day 'twill remove,
Delightful alike to the young and the old :
While here we are found,
Put the bumper around,
That ev'ry ill may by wine be controul'd.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE CHARMS OF NANNY.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith.

A WAKE, sweet muse, the breathing spring,
 With rapture warms, awake and sing;
 Awake and join the vocal throng,
 Who hail the morning with a song:
 To Nanny raise the chearful lay,
 Oh! bid her haste and come away;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

Oh, hark! my love, on ev'ry spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song:
 Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

Oh! come my love, thy Colin's lay,
 With rapture calls, oh, come away;
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine,
 Around that modest brow of thine:
 Oh! hither haste, and with thee bring,
 That beauty blooming like the spring;
 Those Graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

• SONG.

S O N G.

THE FAITHFUL TAR.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith.

THE sails unfurl'd, the ship unmoor'd,
 Her course to steer, all hands on board,
 Propitious ev'ry gale;
 Fair Betsey on the beach deplores,
 Her sailor bound to distant shores;
 But nought her tears avail.

Oh cruel fate! ye pow'rs above,
 Why thus bereft of him I love,
 Who on the restless deep,
 The boist'rous tide must ceaseless brave,
 And meet, perchance a wat'ry grave,
 Whilst I but live to weep.

Twelve months elaps'd when he return'd,
 Her constant heart with rapture burn'd,
 'Twas freed from ev'ry care:
 For Henry's love, his heart, his soul,
 Were true as needle to the pole,
 When absent from his fair.

In wedded bliss they taste delight,
 No winds disturb, nor storms affright,
 The lovely Betsey's breast;
 For now he makes a firm decree,
 No more to trust the raging sea,
 With her completely blest.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE WEDDING DAY.

Sung by Miss Decamp.

LET me entreat, entreat you to comply,
 I'm sure by your looks you cannot long deny;
 Kind Sir, we beg you'll deign to stay,
 To hail with glee our wedding-day;
 All on the green with garlands fresh and fair,
 Oh! what delights, would you our pastimes share:
 With dance and song,
 We'll join the throng,
 And banish ev'ry care:
 For such a theme,
 Tho' young I seem,
 Yet sing I may
 One tender lay,
 Oh! love, oh! gentlest pow'r
 Smile on the wedding hour.

You see, dear father, tho' young I can please,
 The pilgrim will stay, I have won him with ease,
 Yes, yes, I am sure he can't say nay,
 We all shall keep this holiday:
 Then on the green, your pleasure to enhance,
 If you'll but think for Julie to advance,
 Altho' not yet,
 So tall as Laurette,
 I think you'll own I can dance,
 With sprightly step,
 I'll bound, I'll leap,
 And sing all day
 That happy lay,
 Oh! love, oh! gentlest pow'r,
 Smile on the wedding hour.

S O N G.

ANACREONTIC SONG.

Written by Ralph Temlinson, Esq;

TO Anacreon, in Heav'n, where he sat in full
glee,

A few sons of harmony sent a petition,
That he their inspirer and patron would be,
When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old
Grecian—

Voice, fiddle and flute,

No longer be mute,

I'll lend ye my name and inspire ye to boot;
And besides, I'll instruct ye, like me, to entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The news through Olympus immediately flew,
When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs,
If these mortals are suffer'd their schemes to pursue,
The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.

Hark! already they cry,

In transports of joy,

A fig for Parnassus! to Rowley's we'll fly:
And there, my good fellows, we'll learn to entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The

The yellow-hair'd god, and his nine fusty maids,
 To the hill of old Lud will incontinent flee;
 Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
 And the biforked hill a mere desert will be :
 My thunder, no fear on't,
 Will soon do its errand,
 And, dam'me ! I'll swinge the ringleaders, I
 warrant ;
 I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to 'twine
 The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Apollo rose up, and said, prithee ne'er quarrel,
 Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below ;
 Your thunder is useless, then shewing his laurel,
 Cry'd *Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know !
 Then over each head
 My laurels I'll spread,
 So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall
 dread,
 While snug in their club-room, they jovially 'twine
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz;
 And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join :
 The full tide of harmony still shall be his,
 But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall
 be mine :
 Then, Jove, be not jealous,
 Of these honest fellows ;
 Cry'd Jove, we relent, since the truth you now
 tell us,
 And swear, by old Styx, that they long shall intwine
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Ye sons of Anacreon, then, join hand in hand,
 Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love ;
 'Tis your's to support what's so happily plann'd,
 You've the sanction of gods and the fiat of Jove ;
 While thus we agree,
 Our toast may it be,
 May our club flourish happy, united and free !
 And long may the sons of Anacreon intwine,
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

S O N G.

THE INVITATION.

COME, Colin, pride of rural swains,
 O come and bless thy native plains ;
 The daisies spring, the beeches bud,
 The songsters warble in the wood.

Come, Colin, haste, O haste away,
 Your smiles will make the village gay ;
 When you return, the vernal breeze
 Will wake the buds, and fan the trees.

Oh! come and see the violets spring,
 The meadows laugh, the linnetts sing ;
 Your eyes our joyless hearts can cheer,
 O haste and make us happy here.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE MILLER OF OXFORDSHIRE.

Sung by Mr. Dighton, at Sadler's-Wells.

A MILLER I am, ever heart-whole and free,
 And as just, thank my stars, as a Miller
 should be ;
 For while I dip my dish into each neighbour's sack,
 Like those better bred, I but live by my clack.

Lawyers, Doctors and Parsons, all follow my plan,
 When their clack sets a going they grind all they
 can ;
 But my work's the cleanest, for they grind in black,
 While I grind in white, by the dint of my clack.

When 'squire in the Parliament-house takes a post,
 Ding dong goes his clapper at somebody's cost ;
 If he gets into office, the cole he will sack,
 Just as I do my meal, by the help of my clack.

The gay folks of London may sneer if they will,
 And set their fine wits at the thief in the mill ;
 But I'll do as I ought, if they'll shew me the knack,
 And let them, if they can, keep as honest a clack.

SONG.

S O N G.

ON HUMAN LIFE.

SINCE all mankind to happiness
 Lay some fantastic claim;
 'Tis strange among a crowd so great,
 That all should miss their aim.

How were I blest (the Peasant cries)
 Had empire been my share!
 Curst be this grandeur (says the prince)
 The source of all my care!

As when some craggy cliff, from far,
 With pleasure we survey;
 And, with the distant prospect fir'd,
 Straight thither make our way.

But find, at length, with pains arriv'd,
 Its tempting glory ceas'd;
 By desert barrenness convinc'd,
 The distance only pleas'd.

Thus our o'er heated fancies rove
 In all affairs of life;
 Her, whom a mistress we adore,
 We nauseate when a wife.

I'll,

I'll, to be happy, be content,
Nor break with care my sleep;
Bliss, like a shadow, run or stand,
The self same distance keeps.

S O N G.

NOON OF GLOOMY NIGHT.

'TIS now the noon of gloomy night,
When awful silence reigns;
And Luna darts her borrow'd light,
Along th' enamel'd plains.

In homely cots, the sleeping swains,
Forget the toils of day;
No longer sport in rustic games,
No lambkins skip and play.

But I, alas! a stranger grown
To comfort and repose;
In vain to Phebe make my moan,
And tell my heart-felt woes.

In that cold tomb my lover lies,
(A youth so good and just)
'There, deaf to all my mournful cries,
He moulders into dust.

SONG

S O N G.

THE DESCRIPTION.

IN tuneful numbers let me tell,
 The inward joys I find;
 Now, freed from care, I know full well,
 My lov'd Prudentia's kind.

Her charms; nor less her virtue, shew
 Each beauty of the mind;
 And few among the few I know,
 Possess a heart so kind.

Base adulation's fawning sons,
 The dross of all mankind;
 While in her thoughts discernment runs,
 Will never find her kind.

Once, haply, in a blest abode,
 With her, and such, consign'd,
 On fancy's pleasing wings I rode,
 And found my charmer kind.

Can sordid wealth or grandeur bring
 Those treasures of the mind,
 Which flow from that delightful spring,
 A fair-one true and kind?

6 MA 50

In friendship's social band, 'tis true,
 A fund of joys I find;
 But what are such, when plac'd in view,
 To those of nobler kind.

F I N I S.

